

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,  
By RUSSELL EATON.  
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.  
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

Terms.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum, if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year; two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond the year.

Single copies, four cents.

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# MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1846.

NO. 6.

seen for the season, we do not recollect of seeing a single weed of any kind, although we were looking carefully for them, and it was only by the side of the road in the edge of a field of wheat that we saw a stalk of barn grass.

Are we not right in calling this a good farm?—a farm which has been cultivated forty years and has not been exhausted? a farm which is free from troublesome weeds? It has other advantages, but we consider these as worthy of note and commendation. Such farms as this are altogether too scarce. The same care and attention would probably have preserved other farms about us in the same favorable condition. It is in most cases a slow, difficult or expensive business to render an exhausted farm fertile. Let those who have farms which are not exhausted think of this. It is also a difficult business to rid the soil of an innumerable multitude of weeds which for years have been suffered to grow and increase, when perhaps the few weeds from which they sprung might in the outset have been very easily destroyed.

## MR. QUINCY'S ADDRESS.

We invite a perusal of the following address delivered at the annual exhibition of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society at Utica, in September last, by Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr. It truly speaks "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" and we feel confident that no one will rise from its perusal without being made "wiser and better." We esteem it a *New Year's Gift* of great value, and which, unlike many new-year books, may be profitably read at all seasons of the year. [Albany Cultivator.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of

the N. Y. Agricultural Society:

If there were any spot that would itself inspire a man with eloquence on the subject of agriculture, it is the one we now occupy. We stand in the center of the agricultural district of the great state of the Union. In full view the lovely valley of the Mohawk, famous in history and celebrated in song, stretches away to the distance. Before us, by thousands and tens of thousands, stand the men who have felled its forests and caused it to blossom like the rose. Around us are the proofs of the skill and intelligence that have characterized their labors. Beneath us is the soil from whose maternal bosom we draw our subsistence. Above us is the canopy of Heaven that stretches equally over all.

Speaking of the garden of Dr. Stevens, who had gathered together all the choice fruits of different parts of the globe, he says: "He was trying hard to cultivate the apple and the pear, but the latter did not succeed. The former (the apple) grew about six feet high and as large round as one's thumb, by being supported. It was then bearing two genuine apples, one of them full grown, as large as a walnut, and the other, half as large. The doctor was delighted, of course, with his success, as every enthusiast ought to be, but it takes our winters to raise our apples. Now what think you of that? Speaking of the luxuriance with which the tropical plants and trees grow, he observes, that warmth, which exerts so favorable an effect on vegetable life, acts very differently upon animals. Leanness, a thin covering, and inactivity, are characteristics. The larger animals are a curiosity to a stranger. I wish, said he, I were an artist, so that I could present them bodily, for their like is hardly found in Natural History."

Woollen sheep, with here and there a straggling bunch of hair, looking like consumptive goats: hogs, sharp-nosed, slab-sided and long-legged, with immense curly tails—long-necked hens, without tails, and set up on legs like stilts—weak cur dogs, which must have been descendants of him who had to lean against a post to bark—these and similar specimens greeted our eyes everywhere. It seemed that he disliked their habits as much as he did their appearance. The cocks crow, and the dogs bark, all night, while Guinea hens and cats lend an occasional scream to keep up and swell the harmony.

Such are some of the results and products of the sunny clime in the West Indies. We think we should prefer a little cooler spot than the one we now inhabit, to one so fervid as that; especially when the extra size and number of mosquitoes, cockroaches, and scorpions, are taken into view.

## A GOOD FARM.

In the month of August last we visited a farm in the County of Somerset, which has been under cultivation between forty and fifty years.—The soil, originally, was no better, as it goes, than that of many other farms in the vicinity. But what rendered this farm more worthy of notice, was, that in its management from the first, its late owner and its present owner had avoided a few palpable errors which their neighbors generally had fallen into. The growing crops all appeared well. The farm was nearly or quite as fertile as ever it was, and that was nearly fertile enough for most kinds of field crops.

This farm was in the vicinity of extensive lumbering operations, and there are no large villages near it, where manure can be bought. Hay is generally in good demand, and has often borne an extravagant price. The neighbors of our farmer would sell all they could spare, sometimes stinting their cattle, or running the risk of being obliged to purchase again in the spring at a still greater price. The temptation was often strong for him, but considering the circumstances, he always resisted; he could not afford to sell his hay at any price. This would be starving his farm to death. He chose rather to sell stock, grain and provisions, and keep his farm in good condition. With this management, he has on the whole found it much easier getting a living from his farm, and even laying up a dollar occasionally, than those farmers about him who have pursued a different policy.

2. The proprietors of this farm have always been careful to procure clean seed, and they have no fields overrun with weeds. If a weed happens to appear it is once pulled up, root and branch. The most troublesome weeds which the farmer has to contend with are not natives of this State; or if natives, they are not very plenty in land which has not been brought under cultivation. By persevering in this judicious course they have succeeded better than one might suppose, in keeping their land clear of weeds. In passing through a fine field of corn which then (August 11,) appeared as well as any we had

of his moral exposures, in the great majority of cases, health of body and serenity of mind. Follow such a one into the crowded streets, or the close workshop. His strength for a time sustains him, but confinement and bad air soon deprive him of his healthful energy, and disease and premature decay become too often his portion. But supposing health can be preserved, where is his serenity of mind?

The risks attendant on rapid accumulation are always in proportion to the chances of success. The farmer sows his seed, and has no doubt but that the harvest will repay him. But he who embarks in speculations that promise sudden and great wealth, knows that he may be "sowing the wind, to reap the whirlwind." And the constant fear of such a result, embitters his days and renders his nights restless. And if attained, success gives but little satisfaction. The higher the rise, the wider the horizon; the greater the accumulation, the more exorbitant the desire. And this is not the extent of the evil. A total want of independence is too often the result.

Few men in our community have those resources that will enable them to carry on extensive operations on their own means. Almost all depend upon borrowing, and "the borrower is a servant unto the lender." But even if success should be the portion of the aspirant for riches, when is he to attain to it? Does it come forward to meet him? Years of anxiety may be repaid by wealth; but how seldom is this the case.

More than ninety in every hundred, even in regular mercantile pursuits, fail. There are but few capital prizes in this lottery. The name of the fortunate holder may be seen at every corner, but where are the ninety and nine who draw blanks? And if attained, how uncertain is its possession! Wealth "gotten by vanity," (by which, I suppose, Solomon meant speculation,) "shall be diminished, but he that gathers by labor shall increase;" is a doctrine as true now as when first delivered; and is one which the experience of every age tends to corroborate.

And after all, what is the advantage of great wealth, or, what is great wealth itself? It exists only in comparison. "A man is as well off,"

said the great capitalist of the United States, "who is worth half a million of dollars, as he would be if he were rich." And one of the satirical papers of the day tells us, that when Baron Rothschild, the Jewish banker, read that the income of Louis Philippe, was only fifty dollars a minute, his eyes filled with tears; for he was not aware of the existence of such destitution. After the comforts of life are supplied, wealth becomes merely an imaginary advantage, and its possession does not confer any material for happiness, which an industrious and forehanded farmer does not possess. "We will conquer all Italy," said Pyrrhus, to his prime minister, "and then we will pass into Asia; we will overrun her kingdoms, and then we will wage war upon Africa; and when we have conquered all, we will sit down quietly and enjoy ourselves."

"And why?" replied his minister, "should we not sit down and enjoy ourselves without taking all this trouble?" And why not you, it may be said to many an aspirant after wealth, enjoy in reality all you seek, in your present condition?

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," was the prayer of one of the sages of antiquity. And Lord Bacon, the wisest man of modern times, says, "seek not proud riches, but rather such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly." And can there be a truer description of a farmer's fortune? There is no greater independence than that possessed by a contented forehanded farmer.

"Tell your master," said a Roman general, to the ambassador of the king of Persia, who came to bribe him with great wealth, and found him washing the vegetables that were to constitute his dinner with his own hands, "tell your master that all the gold in Persia, can never bribe the man who can contentedly live upon turnips."

And the answer was as true in philosophy, as it was elevated in patriotism. To be happy, man must limit his desires. And when he has sufficient for his needs, should remember that the temptations and perplexities incident to overgrown wealth, more than counterbalance its seeming advantages. Health of body and competence of estate are all the requisites for organic happiness that the world can bestow. And to say that agricultural pursuits are eminently calculated to insure these, is only to reiterate the language of past ages, and to repeat the testimony of our own. If you leave such pursuits, the hazard increases as the profit augments. The amount of the premium is always proportional to the greatness of the risk.

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for either to the advocates of Texas or the tariff. It is more than three thousand years since Jo- than called to the men of Shechem, to listen to a parable: "The trees of the forest went out to choose a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, 'Reign over us.' " The answer shows who was meant by the olive. "Should I leave my fatness wherewith by me honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" It was the answer of a religious and conscientious man, who feared that public statura would not be favorable to the virtues which were the objects of his life.

"And the trees said to the fig tree, come thou and reign over us; and the fig tree answered, should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?" Could a better personification have been found of a close, calculating man, who looked out for the main chance, and took special care of number one? It was his own sweetest and good fruit which influenced his decision. The emoluments of office such a one knew were small and precarious; and as for honors he would not give a fig for the whole of them.

"Then said the trees to the vine, come thou and reign over us." The vine was one of your popular fellows who can take hold of any thing to help himself up; who is always on the fence, when nothing higher offers, and who, too pliant to stand alone, will run well if properly supported. But his vocation was "to cheer the hearts of gods and men," and as office-holding, popularity did not agree very well together, declined the honor.

"Then said all the trees to the bramble, come thou and reign over us." There were two reasons why this call alone was unanimous. He had nothing particular to do, and he kept himself perpetually before the public. He had nothing particularly to do, he had neither wife nor oil, beauty nor sweets to recommend him. He was a fit representative of a class who then existed. Nobody could tell what they were made for, and nobody could divine what they followed for a living. But yet the bramble was not one to be forgotten. He was always before the public. He planted himself by the wayside, and caught hold of everybody that passed; there was no getting along for the bramble; and it may be that they made him king, on the same principle that young ladies sometimes marry an impulsive lover—to get rid of him. And how did the bramble receive his nomination? Did he distrust his powers or decline the office? Oh no!

He was up for everything, and up to anything.

He could not boast much of himself, so he strove to magnify his office.

"And the bramble said, if, in truth, ye appoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; if not, then let a fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

Such was the opinion of Jotham, three thousand years ago, on the probable feelings and conduct of rulers who were placed in authority without the requisites for office. He believed that a fire would go out of the bramble to destroy the noblest and most elevated in the land.

By the bramble he meant Abimelech, who was elected king of Shechem, because his mother was a native of the city. His course was as Jotham had foretold; a fire did go out of the bramble. He slew three score and ten men of his brethren on one stone. And as for Shechem, he took occasion of their revolt, and put every man, woman and child to the sword, burned the city with fire, sowed it with salt, and left a warning to future ages of the danger of putting, through folly or affection, improvident men into office.

If now, as formerly, the prosperity of the state is so intimately connected with the character of the rulers, how great is the power, and how evident the duty of a class of men, who removed from the immediate struggle, hold, by their numbers, the gift of office. If they are faithful, our public will have a stability that no one before it has possessed. If, doubtless their importance, they neglect the trust committed to them, they may learn, too late, that they have sold their country's birthright; and when they would recall the blessing of their fathers, they may find there is no place for repentance, though they seek it diligently and with tears.

But perhaps it will be said that the agricultural class, though collectively powerful, are individually of small comparative importance. Together they may be likened to the ocean that supports a nation's navy and tosses it from its bosom, with as much ease as it wags a feather.

Still the individual is but a drop, resembling others so nearly as to attract neither notice nor admiration. But this is not peculiar to this class. It applies equally to all. Few, from the very definition, can be distinguished.

But of all the professions, it appears to me that the farmers are the last who ought to complain that, as a class, they do not receive a full proportion of the honors of the republic. Our chief magistrates have differed in many points, but they have generally agreed in this; that before, and in many cases after the election, they have been farmers. There was the farmer of Mount-Vernon, and the farmer of Monticello; the farmer of the North-Bend, and the farmer of the Hermitage; the farmer of Tennessee and the farmer of Ashland; the farmer of Lindenwald and the farmer of Marshfield. So that it well may be urged, that though all the farmers can't be presidents, all the presidents must be farmers.

But besides this there are in agricultural life great opportunities of individual usefulness. The effects of example and precept extend farther than we can imagine. When you throw wheat into the ground, you know what will be the product; but when you exemplify or inculcate a moral truth, eternity alone can develop the extent of the blessing.

But freedom from temptations, and opportunities of exercising the virtues, are not the only facilities that an agricultural life offers for the formation of an elevated character. The scenes that surround it, the unceasing regularity of cold and heat, summer and winter, seidtime and harvest, cannot but lead the observing mind up to their Author. In a crowded workshop his time is spent. The broad fields and the high mountains, and the running streams, diffuse health and cheerfulness around. No smoky lamp sheds a

doubtful glimmer over his task; the glorious sun sends his rays for millions of miles to warm and enlighten, and gladden his path. The religious sentiment is nowhere so naturally developed as among rural scenery. How great is the charm that agricultural allusions throw over sacred poetry! It was a youth spent in rural scenes, that enabled the sweet singer of Israel to touch a chord, responsive to every human heart.

The voice of the son of Jesse is always sweet, but how different its tones from the various situations of his eventful life. The shepherd-boy, keeping his father's sheep, is filled with adoration as he gazes on the majestic scene above and exclaims, "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" Or, rapt with love at the care of the Creator, reminding him of that which he himself exercised towards the objects of his charge, he bursts out, "the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

His voice, too, comes to us from the palace and the camp: from the statesman and the warrior;

## Sabbath Reading.

I WILL PRAISE THEE.  
BY CAROLINE FRY.

For what shall I praise thee, my God, and my King?  
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring;  
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,  
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?  
Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast?  
For joys in perspective, and pleasure possessed?  
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight?  
For the slumber that sat on my pillow by night?  
For this should I thank thee: But if only for this,  
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;  
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I share,  
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;  
I thank thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,  
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed—  
The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,  
They yielded no fruit, they withered and gone!  
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,  
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to thee!

### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

On a fine summer's day, in 1840, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these: "Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to, eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the womb that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom.—The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and, more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature, in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight—"LIVE FOR THE FUTURE."

With this the preacher closed his discourse; but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the Church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—"LIVE FOR THE FUTURE."—[Albany Spectator.]

**A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.** "We heard a minister in the pulpit, a short time ago, relate the following historical fact, and apply it to Christian duty. There is an electric force—an *uncion* arising from its contemplation, that ought to arouse, elevate, and quicken the feelings of every Christian in contemplating the beauties of the parable. The minister remarked that historians said that the eagle, when the clouds blackened and lowered, and the wind and storm arose to a fearful extent, would weigh with instinctive precision its ability to withstand its force without injury. If the storm bid fair to rage with too great force, the eagle would spread its broad wings and *sour above it*; and from its proud attitude would look down with serenity and composure on the devastation below. The application to Christians was to persuade them to imitate the noble eagle.—When bickerings and strife arose in the church or society; and when hostilities were waxing hotter and hotter; when the storms of civil or religious discord were rising higher and higher—and the wrath of God was thundering in his providence into the ears of his provocators, then they should, on the pinions of their faith arise *ABOVE THE WORLD*. This needs no comment.—Oh that Christians would learn to emulate the eagle, and proudly, through the influence of the Divine Spirit, trample the world beneath their feet."

**OLD PSALM TUNES.**—There is, to us, more touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm-tunes, freshly displayed, than in the whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the "fountain of the great deep is broken up"—the great deep of unfathomable feeling that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwatched, yet uncheckered tear, starts in the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence and shake off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind—like the far-off dream of Paradise," mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still, subdued, more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes, that steal sadly, yet sweetly on the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest, round that sacred tune, within those walls they had so often swelled with emotion. [Blackwood.]

**RELIGION OF THE DOG.**—The Rev. Henry Duncan, in his *Philosophy of the Seasons*, relates the following original anecdote of Burns:

"I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conservation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw new light into my mind, I shall never forget.—'Man,' said he, 'is the God of the dog. He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how we worship him! with what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his God; and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are enabled by the intercourse. It ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christians to shame!'

The American Tract Society, at the end of the third quarter of the society's current year, Jan. 15, had received for sales of publications and in donations, \$92,433. The publications amounted to \$90,463.99. The number of colporteurs and agents in commission was 129. There was due before April 15, \$9,127.81. Upwards of \$46,000 will be needed in donations before April 15, the close of the society's financial year.

The Rev. Wm. Ryland, Chaplain of the Navy, died at Washington City, on Monday morning, aged 76.

Gen. Elias B. Dayton, of Elizabethtown, N. J., died at New York on Sunday. His revolutionary services are well known.

Hon. Charles Cutts died at Fairfax C. H., Va., on the 23d inst. He was a Senator of the United States at the most critical period of the history of this country, and, after ceasing to be a Senator, he filled the office of Secretary of the Senate of the United States, for about fourteen years.

## THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, FEB'Y 5, 1846.

**Probate Notices.** Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Farmer, who will then get a good living. Among them are the following:

1. **THE LIME-ROCK GAZETTE.** A neat and well executed sheet. Neutral in politics. Published by Richardson & Porter, at East Thomaston, in this State. Thus far it exhibits both talent and taste in its original and selected matter.—Long life to it.

2. **NEW YORK EVENING LEDGER.** A new daily penny paper. Large, neat, and racy. It is published and conducted by an association of Types, under the firm of Green & Co.

We like the spirit and goadtheadness it exhibits. It takes the Printers to do up these things in "blankum" style.

3. **BAY STATE FARMER.** This hails from Worcester—the heart of the old Bay State; the mother of States. It bids fair to be an excellent paper, and if the farmers of old Worcester country don't give it great circulation, they will do themselves injustice.

4. **ASYLUM GAZETTE.** A neat little quarto, published once per month, by the inmates of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, and printed by L. Hill & Sons, at thirty cents per annum.

We have examined this little sheet with a good deal of interest, coming as it does from those who are entitled to the deepest sympathy of our hearts, and to whom every kindness should be extended. It exhibits much talent, and we place it on our exchange list with great pleasure.

### A QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

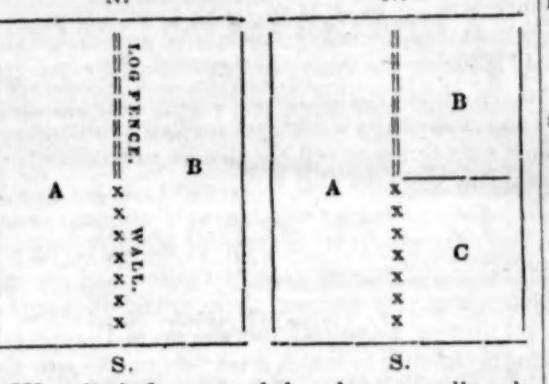
A. and B. own land adjoining, and call on the fence viewers. Send fence viewers attend to their duty—assign A. the south half, it being 50 rods; B. the north half, 50 rods. A. builds a stone wall on his part, and B. builds a log fence. Now B. sells off the land adjoining A.'s wall to C. up to the 50 rods. Is C. holden to pay for half the wall, the division being recorded with the other records of the town—or is B. holden to maintain the north half, as before he sold to C?

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will answer the above question through the medium of your excellent paper, you will confer a favor on a reader.

N. J.

**Mercer, Jan. 24, 1846.**

**NOTE.** If we rightly understand the question of N. J., the following diagram will illustrate the position of the property in question:



We take it for granted that the proceedings in the division were legal, and that the record was also legally made. Now C. buys all the rights and privileges which B. had in the land side of the wall. What are these rights and privileges? One of them is that A. should keep a good and substantial fence fifty rods, or where he has built the wall. A. has a corresponding right to have a fence the same distance north, viz., where the log fence is. Of course C. ought not to be called upon to pay for half the wall. B. is holden to maintain a fence on the north fifty rods. He has been paid for this trouble and expense by A.'s having been to the like trouble and expense in building the wall; and B.'s having sold this pay to another, ought not to exonerate him from his original liability on the north fifty rods.

N. B. We would observe that we make no pretensions to legal science, but we are satisfied that the above conform to common law, common sense and common justice.

### SILK CULTURE.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

I am not much used to writing for the public eye, but by your request will attempt to give our success, &c., in the silk culture—what we have done, not what we can do—and trust that a short and plain relation of unvarnished facts, may not altogether uninteresting.

Our operations thus far have been on a small scale, but believe that under judicious management, the rearing of silk worms may be extensively pursued, even in this cold region of frost and snow, with as good a chance of success as in the culture of corn, wheat, or any other product of the farm.

We have five hundred white mulberry trees of eight years' growth, which occupy one-fourth of an acre of warm, sandy soil, that was cultivated, while the trees were small, in potatoe, beans, &c.; only ten common cart loads of stable manure having been applied since the trees were put out. Have a few hundred of the multicuspid mulberry, also, but have used none of the foliage for feeding worms. Think they will not flourish well here.

In '43 we fed 12000 worms, which spun good cocoons, but accidentally lost 5000 of them by fire. From the remaining 7000, which weighed 28 lbs., we manufactured 1000 skeins of sewing silk. In '44 we fed 20,000, but from a want of experience in preserving eggs, the worms were unhealthy, and made poor cocoons—manufactured 500 skeins of sewing silk, and seven handkerchiefs worth \$1.25 each. The past season we fed 22,000, which did well—made 2500 skeins of sewing silk, 12 handkerchiefs that were pronounced "good," and sold very readily at \$1.25 each, and a mantle of superior texture, worth five or six dollars.

2500 skeins of sewing silk, at \$3 per hundred, \$75.00  
12 handkerchiefs, 15.00  
A mantle, 5.00  
State bounty, 9.00  
  
\$104.00

The expense of attending the worms, spinning, weaving, &c., at \$1 per day, amounts to \$44.00

As to the profit of the silk culture, we are not prepared to speak with assurance, but would remark, that while the foreign article is, by the community, preferred to the domestic, the manufacture of sewing silk cannot be profitable.

We would advise those engaged in the business, to establish fixtures for reeling, and acquaint themselves with the process, as the "raw silk," well reeled, will always sell readily at a fair price.

Enclosed, for your inspection, is a fair specimen of the sewing silk manufactured the past season as above.

J. S. LONGLEY.

Norridgewock, January, 1846.

NOTE. We were much pleased on receiving the above communication and the specimen of silk enclosed. The specimen is well manufactured, is even in twist, and has a good lustre. We hope to hear from others who are engaged in this business. Let us know what progress you make. We suspect that Mr. Longley is situated further north than any other silk-grower in the Union.

OUR readers in this vicinity will bear in mind that Mr. Berry's Concert comes off this (Wednesday) evening, at the Universalist Meeting House. The "bill of fare" is a good one, and the array of performers a strong one.

Hog's head is put up in bladders at Springfield, Ill., for the London Market—looking like Os-trich eggs.

### NEW PAPERS.

We have received quite a lot of first rate new papers lately. This speaks well for the growing desire in the community for information. We hope they will all get a good living. Among them are the following:

1. **THE LIME-ROCK GAZETTE.** A neat and well executed sheet. Neutral in politics. Published by Richardson & Porter, at East Thomaston, in this State. Thus far it exhibits both talent and taste in its original and selected matter.—Long life to it.

2. **NEW YORK EVENING LEDGER.** A new daily penny paper. Large, neat, and racy. It is published and conducted by an association of Types, under the firm of Green & Co.

We like the spirit and goadtheadness it exhibits. It takes the Printers to do up these things in "blankum" style.

3. **BAY STATE FARMER.** This hails from Worcester—the heart of the old Bay State; the mother of States. It bids fair to be an excellent paper, and if the farmers of old Worcester country don't give it great circulation, they will do themselves injustice.

4. **ASYLUM GAZETTE.** A neat little quarto, published once per month, by the inmates of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, and printed by L. Hill & Sons, at thirty cents per annum.

We have examined this little sheet with a good deal of interest, coming as it does from those who are entitled to the deepest sympathy of our hearts, and to whom every kindness should be extended. It exhibits much talent, and we place it on our exchange list with great pleasure.

### FROM WASHINGTON.

[Correspondence of the Maine Farmer.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1846.

DEAR FARMER.—Since my last, the news from England, by the Hibernia, came to us by the "lightning" express. Seldon has news been received with more satisfaction. The friends of peace and prosperity hailed it as an omen of the continuance of friendly relations with England; and even those whose cry "is still for war" are at heart glad of it, inasmuch as they save their credit for courage without fear of being taken at their word. It is a vast deal easier talking *war* than it is fighting it when it comes. The breath must go out of the lungs when taken in, and it costs the *breather* but little to lend it with valiant words in its transit; but a broken head or two, to say nothing of the other ten times ten thousand horrors of a real bona fide war, are not so easily borne.

The news has also had another good effect, viz.: the bringing of breadstuffs down to a proper medium, so that the *life* of the poor is no longer at the mercy of the speculator. We have further news from Mexico. The revolution is complete and Paredes is at present commander in chief of Mexico. Mr. Shidell who was sent by our government to Mexico, has not been recognized in any capacity, either by Herrera before his overthrow, or by Paredes since his triumph. What will be the result is uncertain. Among other nations, such a course would be considered almost equivalent to a declaration of war; but Mexico is in such a state of distraction that much allowance must be allowed for any thing she does.

The whig members from Florida have voted out of the Congressional ring, and the democratic members voted in. I will not pretend to say who has the right of it; but this you know as well as I, that the *right of might* is as often exhibited at the ballot box as in *listicuff*.

The Senate have rejected the nomination of Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, by a strong vote. The nomination was referred to a committee, who enquired into his *character*, as an Irishman would say, and they found him *non fit*.

There is a rumor now afloat that Buchanan will resign his station in the Cabinet and walk on to the Supreme Bench. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but if we can have the vacant Judge-ship he is a fool if he don't take it. Who would not prefer a high, and honorable, and permanent office like this, to the chances and reverses of political life?

You have probably read Gallatin's letters on the subject of Oregon. I consider them *first rate*. That Gallatin is a remarkable old man, like John Quincy Adams, the fire of his soul burns up strong and bright, while the old body is gradually decaying.

Senator Bagby has recently introduced some resolutions in the Senate in regard to the amendment of the constitution, that are really worth the careful consideration of every body.

The purpose of them is as follows:—The President is to be elected for six years and to be ineligible to that office afterwards. No member of either House of Congress shall be eligible to the presidency during the time for which he was elected or for four years after. I don't know about this being either right or necessary. We ought to have the best man for President, and if that best man happens to be a Congress man, why not take him? The other point is a pretty good one, viz.: that no member of Congress shall be placed in the Cabinet during the time for which he was elected. Perhaps you will say that the same reason which I offer why the best man should be chosen President, even if a member of Congress, will hold good in regard to Cabinet officers. True; but the chances for "bar-gaining" and corruption will be lessened, and such is the strong propensity for political aspirants to drive selfish bargains, that I think it well enough to have a *ring* in some of their noses, as you farmers say.

Q-IN-A-CORNER.

DR. PAIGE'S LECTURES. Dr. Paige, who has been lecturing some time in different towns in this State on Physiology, Medical Electricity and Phrenology, has commenced a course of lectures at State Street Chapel in this town. The subject of Electro-Magnetism, as used for medical purposes, is exciting considerable attention, and many cases are known where an application has been of signal service in many diseases of a paralytic and nervous character.

**DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN VERGennes, VT.** We learn from the Vergennes Vermonter, that a very destructive fire occurred in that place on Tuesday of last week. The fire broke out in a large stone store occupied by the Messrs. Holcomb, whose loss is estimated at \$35,000, only \$7,000 insured. These gentlemen slept in their store, and came very nigh being consumed.—When the walls of this building fell, they crushed in the roofs of the adjoining buildings, and the flames communicating, the whole were consumed. The entire loss is estimated at \$6,000. Insured to the amount of \$1200 at the Monmouth M. F. I. Company.

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**ANOTHER LUCKY EDITOR.** The Sangamo (Springfield, Ill.) Journal, says—"One day last week, we were astonished by the receipt of a pig a load of hay, a quarter of beef, two loads of wood and ten dollars!" We suppose the donor regarded the editor as a *hoax*! and therefore sent him the hay.

**WORTH NOTING.** It is announced as a matter of fact, that the wife of Mr. Andrew Johnson, now a member of Congress from Tennessee, taught him to *read* since he has been married! He is a tailor by trade, and is said to be at present a pretty intelligent man.

**COMPLIMENT FROM ABROAD.** The king of Prussia has sent to Dr. Howe, of Boston, a medal of gold of large size and splendid workmanship, as a testimony of his high consideration of Dr. Howe's merits as an instructor of the blind. It is well merited.

**Ichabod Clark, Esq.,** one of the brave men who fought at Monmouth, died at his residence at Westfield, N. S., on Tuesday last, at the age of 83.

**FIRE IN WOONSOCKET,** R. I. A destructive fire broke out in Woonsocket, about half past 11 o'clock, on Thursday night, in the cotton factory of G. C. Ballou which was entirely consumed. An adjoining mill of E. Harris, took fire and was considerably injured. A day-house of J. U. Reuger was also consumed.

**FOR OREGON.** Many families, comprising some 175 members, are now actively engaged in New York in preparation for Oregon, and have chartered for this purpose a fast sailing ship, which is to leave this port during the ensuing week via Cape Horn, and to touch at Sandwich Islands; they are generally from New England.

[Boston Daily Times.]

The Census of Boston, taken last year, has been finally ascertained to enumerate 115,363 inhabitants, and a gain of about thirty thousand in population since 1840, contrasting the total of that year, if taken on the same principle as this of 1845.

**MISSISSIPPI.** The Legislature of this State has elected General Henry Stuart Foote to the United States Senate for six years, from the 5th of March, 1847, and Hon. Joseph W. Chambers, the present Senator, to fill Mr. Walker's unexpired term.

**No Convention.** A bill recently passed the lower House of the Legislature of Kentucky, to call a convention to revise the Constitution of the State, but was rejected in the Senate, by 18 ayes to 20 noes.

Capital punishment has been virtually abolished by the Legislature of Indiana, by passing a law, allowing a jury to say in their verdict whether the offender shall suffer death or be imprisoned for life.

**Mrs. Van Valkenburgh, Hanged.** This woman who was convicted at the last session of the Fulton Co. Circuit, N. Y., of the murder of her husband by poison, was hung last week, the strenuous efforts made to effect a commutation having entirely failed.

**Decidedly Unpleasant.** The Salem Advertiser says, that during the blow of Monday week, three men of those employed in getting out ice at Weymouth Pond, were, in the course of the day, blown along by the sheer force of the wind upon the ice, until they were plunged into the freezing water. They were rescued without having sustained further injury than the discomfort occasioned by their cold bath.

**Important Decision.** The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the wages of a seaman on board of a man-of-war are not subject to attachment by his creditors, in the hands of a purser, and that money in the hands of disbursing agents of the government is the money of the United States, and cannot be attached for the debts of parties entitled to payments to be made out of it.

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**N. Y. State Agricultural Society.** This Society held its annual meeting in Albany last week. By the report of the Treasurer, it appeared that the receipts of the Society during the year were \$6,322, and the disbursements, including the amount distributed in premiums, \$5,776.

The New York Gazette says: "A blazing meteor, 'as large as a barrel,' traversed through some three hundred miles of atmosphere in Ga., and on the borders of Florida, on Sunday, the 21st of December, and exploded with a tremendous noise, shaking the earth for a great distance."

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at Hartford, contains 162 pupils; 88 males and 74 females.—Of these, 21 are supported by their friends, 25 by Maine, 16 by New Hampshire, 17 by Vermont, 46 by Massachusetts, 29 by Connecticut, 3 by South Carolina, and 5 by Georgia.

**Improvement of the St. Croix.** A meeting of the citizens of Calais, St. Stephens and Bangor, has been held, to concert measures for locking and canalizing the St. Croix river, for the purpose of improving the navigation thereof, and a committee was appointed to make estimates of the cost, and also of the revenue which could be derived from tolls.

**Navigation of Penobscot Bay.** A petition numerously signed, has been forwarded to Congress for an appropriation to improve the ship channel from Owl's Head to White Head, in the outer bay. It is said to be a very dangerous channel, in consequence of sunken ledges; and a thorough survey of it, marked out with buoys, spindles, &c., is much needed.

Gov. Smith, of Virginia, has appointed the 19th of February as the day for holding an election to fill the vacancy in Congress occasioned by the death of the Hon. William Taylor.

Henry Moses, a slave, has been tried before the Hastings Court, Vt., for the murder of Delilia Fisher, free mulatto woman, and found guilty. He is to be hanged on the 27th of March next.

**A FEW DROPS FOR MAINE.** We are informed that an English fortune, amounting to a small sum of about \$40,000,000 is likely to fall to a gentleman named Jennings, now resident at Newcastle in this State, who has been in chancery nearly fifty years—the interest accumulating. We do not vouch for the truth of the rumor, although we have our information from a relative of the gentleman named.—[Journal.]

**FOURTEEN DIVORCES AT A STROKE.** The Vice Chancellor of New York has cut asunder, at a single sitting, 14 matrimonial bonds; of these, 10 were for unfaithfulness on the part of the liege lords and the balance naughtiness on the part of the better halves. The Chancellor gave notice that he had several others to settle in the same manner.

**THE FIRST FIGHT FOR OREGON.** A duel was fought a week or two since in Hopewell, York Co., Pa., between Mr. Jesse Gilbert and Mr. William B. Blair. The dispute arose in an argument about the Oregon question. They fought with rifles at about 60 paces. After the first fire, neither of the parties being wounded, the difficulty was adjusted by the seconds.

We learn from the Eastern Argus that Henry J. Jewett, formerly of Portland, and one year Attorney for Cumberland county, has been elected Senator in the Texas Legislature from Robertson county, and G. W. Adams, Esq., formerly of Bangor, a member of the House from the same county.

It is stated in one of the Canada Journals, that one-third of the population of Oregon is composed of French Canadians, most of them of a mixed Indian race from the Riviere Rouge; and they will be likely to lose their lands should the plan of the American Government be carried out. It is represented that these colonists are in very good circumstances, but it is thought that the best taste is not exhibited in the choice of their wives, who are generally squaws.

Eph. says, that when a lady looks cross at a man, she means to Cudgel-eyes him. [Star.]

## The Humorist.

### SQUIRE JONES' DAUGHTER.

Sweet is the gush of waterfall,  
The melody of birds,  
The murmur of the rivulet,  
And sweet the sound of lute and voice,  
When borne across the water;  
But sweeter still than these, the voice  
Of Squire Jones' daughter.  
Bright is the star whose yellow ray,  
Can reach from heaven to earth;  
And bright the tin pan newly scoured,  
Placed on the blushing heart.  
Bright is the sword by blood obtained,  
By blood in bloody slaughter;  
But brighter still the flashing eye  
Of Squire Jones' daughter.  
Red is the rose posy's hue,  
The glow down in the hollows,  
And red is Uncle Nathan's barn,  
That cost a hundred dollars;  
And red is sister Sally's shawl,  
That cousin Levi bought her,  
But redder still the blooming cheek  
Of Squire Jones' daughter.  
Hot is the lava tide that rolls,  
Adows Vesuvius' mountain;  
And hot the tide that bubbles out  
From Iceland's boiling fountain;  
And hot a boy's ears, for doing  
That which he shoudn't oughter,  
But hotter still the love I feel  
For Squire Jones' daughter.

### SECOND HAND WAGGERY.

**POWERS' IRISH SERVANTS.** One day the Duke of Beaufort, the Count d'Orsay, with two or three other noblemen, dined in Albion street.

"Plaize what will I do for the soup, ma'am?" inquired the cook, thrusting her head into the drawing room, about five minutes before the guests arrived.

"The soup?" echoed Mrs. Powers, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am, the soup. I suppose you'll be having some. Is it mock-turtle, or real turtle, ma'am? I'll be sending James for?"

"Why you must be mad, Nora! How can you ask such a question? You know you made the soup yesterday. You put it into the great white basin, and?"

"Was that the soup, ma'am, in the great white basin?"

"You know it was, child."

"Bad luck to me, if I haven't thrown it down the sink, I thought it was dirty water!"

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous old lady of Deacon J.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the deacon, "I've seen them!"

"Yes," continued the deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room; "see one now!"

"Mercy on me!" shrieked the lady, "where?"

"There! there!" said the deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed; "that cat, ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all fours."

A close observer of the fashion, says an example paper, remarks that "ladies' dresses are fuller behind than he ever saw them before."

A fellow said to a Jew, "Do you know they're here?"

"I didn't," replied the Israelite, "but it is fortunate that you and I are not there."

A person who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly a Calvinist, went to him and said:

"Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints."

"Not I, indeed," answered he; "it is the perseverance of the sinners that I oppose."

"But that is not a satisfactory answer, sir. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low?"

He replied, "I think it will be very dangerous to make the experiment."

A son of the Emerald Isle meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially enquired his name.

"Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh, Walsh," responded Paddy, "arr ye from Dublin? I know two old maids there of that name, was aither of 'em yer mother?"

"What on earth makes these pies so heavy?" said an epicurean gentleman to his pains-taking spouse. "I don't know," she replied, "unless it be because I set them to bake upon the leaves of Mr. —'s old sermons!"

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## The Muse.

### Snow.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How quietly the snow comes down,  
When all are fast asleep,  
And plays a thousand fairy pranks  
O'er vale and mountain steep.  
How cunningly it finds its way  
To every cranny small,  
And creeps through e'en the slightest chink  
In window or wall.  
To every noteless hill it brings  
A fairer, purer crest,  
Than the rich emerald robe that decks  
The haughty monarch's breast.  
To every reaching spray it gives  
Whatever its hand can hold—  
A beauteous thing the snow is,  
To all, both young and old.  
The waking day, through curtaining haze,  
Looks forth, with some surprise,  
To view what changes have been wrought  
Since last she shut her eyes;  
And a pleasant thing it is to see  
The cottage children peep  
From out the drift, that to their caves  
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches  
His buried lamb to find,  
And dig his silly poultry out,  
Who clomor in the wind;  
How sturdily he cuts his way,  
Though wild beasts beat him back,  
And evers for his waiting herd  
Who shiver round the stock.  
Right welcome are those feathered fays  
To the ready orchard's eye,  
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,  
With shout and revelry;  
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,  
Calls out their throng to play—  
Oh! a merry gift the snow is  
For a Christmas holiday.  
The city miss, who, wrapped in fur,  
Is lifted to the sleigh,  
And borne so daintily to school  
Along the crowded way,  
Feels not within her pallid cheek,  
The rich blood smothering warm,  
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow  
From powdered trees and form.  
A tasteful hand the snow hath—  
For on the storied pane  
I saw its Alpine landscapes traced  
With arch and sculptured fane,  
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs  
The dizzy Siyoln wound,  
And old cathedrals reared their towers  
With Gothic tracery bound.  
I think it hath a tender heart,  
For I marked it while it crept  
To spread a sheltering mantle where  
The infant blossom slept.  
It doth to earth a deed of love—  
Though in a wintry way;  
And her turt-mown will be greener  
For the snow that's fallen to-day.

### The Story Teller.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

### THE POOR LAWYER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visiter. She was very pretty, with auburn hair, and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty.—She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigham, or any of my leather dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters, with their looking glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted, while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here, I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback galloping homeward, my heart tingling with what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his study, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found here the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage, on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking despatched up to her, I exclaimed,

"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me, and help me out of it?"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceed to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, and I not above twenty, and both almost without a dollar

in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances—a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons,—every thing by half dozen—a little delft ware, every thing in a small way; we were as poor but then so happy.

We had not been married many days, when a court was held in a country town, about twenty-five miles off. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water, for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers of the country, who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little alteration. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough billy of a fellow who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as I passed. Immediately knocked him down, and kicked him in the street. I needed no better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shanks of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers; but I felt I was a mere spectator, not having an idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative.—He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had the opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose a counsel from the lawyers present, and to ready for trial the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me a hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses—it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but this was no affair of mine. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case; whence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow—those children were orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

"My brother," said the patriot-soldier, in that low tone of deadly hate—"My brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with one rapid stroke dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned before him. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child: spare me!"

Then the continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth—

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow—those children were orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

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